

The World's First Newspaper of Horror, Sci-Fi and Fantasy

the Monster Times

Volume 1, No. 16

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VOODOO ISLAND

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You might have noticed that we're late (again) with this issue... but before you start sharpening your pitchforks, let us explain the whys and wherefores behind this admittedly tragic situation. We could, of course, plead temporary insanity, were it not for the fact that there is nothing temporary about it. Or we could claim that we were the victims of circumstances beyond our control, the powers of forces we could barely comprehend. Or we could tell the Truth... which was that we were enjoying our First Annual Skull Island Vacation and, between our frolics amidst the lush tropical fungi and a steady diet of the isle's magic mushrooms, we just lost track of the time. You believe us, I don't you??

And speaking of losing track, we'd also like to take this opportunity to apologize to those subscribers who did not receive the last couple of issues of TMT on time. We discovered to our boundless dismay that issues had been arriving late in a couple of states, but we've since dispatched a couple of influential friends of ours to straighten out the hassles and lean a little bit on the persons or persons responsible for the ghastly delay. Let us repeat: Sorry.

OUTTA SPACE

Now that we've gotten all that out of the way, we find we've got no more space to tell you about what's in the issue. Too bad, too, because we've got a feature story about **MIGHTY JOE YOUNG**, a candid conversation between Media Editor R. Allen Leider and the venerable Vincent Price, a preview of Fain's new film (**DR. PHIBBS RISES AGAIN**), Part II of Jim Wynorski's Plant Monster exposé, a look at **THE RETURN OF COUNT YORGA**, a feature on a fully-accredited comic book course at Indiana U., and much, much more, including all the regular TMT features... but, unfortunately, we won't get a chance to even mention them, let alone to leisurely discuss upon their many and sundry merits. You'll just have to keep turning the pages and find out for yourself... especially about "THE MONSTER TIMES SOCIETY!"

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- 3 MIGHTY JOE REMEMBERS:**
Long considered a second banana to the scene-stealing Kong, Mighty Joe Young tells why he thinks he should be granted his rightful place in the Horror Hall of Fame.
- 6 THE COLLEGE OF KOMICAL KNOWLEDGE:**
The Comics go to college in Prof. Michael Ulan's Indiana U. course on the history of that long neglected native art form. The Prof. tells you all about it.
- 10 PRICE IS RIGHT:**
Vincent, that is, Media Editor R. Allen Leider previews Price's latest outing, DR. PHIBBS RISES AGAIN, and also talks to the monster master himself.
- 12 THE MONSTER TIMES SOCIETY:**
Yes sir gang... Your eyes are AOK! That's what it said, THE MONSTER TIMES SOCIETY is here... the best thing for club around.
- 13 MONSTER SCENE:**
A lively round-up of monsters in the news, in the ads, and wherever else they've been creeping up of late... plus info on two new European terror tours.
- 15 SAY IT LOUD, I'M GREEN & I'M PROUD:**
And saying it louder and prouder than ever is King of the Monsters and TMT columnist Godzilla, who has a most startling announcement to make.
- 16 GODZILLA FOR PRESIDENT:**
That's right... and our once in a lifetime centerfold is a screenin' copy suitable for taping to the G's official 1972 campaign poster.
- 18 RETURN OF COUNT YORGA:**
Even though no one asked him to, Count Yorga has returned... and waiting to send him back in TMT film critic Ed Naha.
- 22 THE SON OF THE CARROT THAT CONQUERED THE WORLD:**
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- 24 TMT TELETYPE TICKS ON:**
More news, scary scoop, and inside info about the cult of which horror history is made from TMT's Man-in-the-Vaults toll Free.
- 26 MONSTER MAIL:**
More mysterious messages and monstrous missives from our readers in the outer limits of Monsterdom... from Trudywawa to the Black Forest to Red Bank, N.J.
- 26 PHASE: THE FANZINE OF THE STARS:**
Comics maven Joe Brancatelli reviews PHASE, a deluxe pre-fanzine featuring superstars Neal Adams, Denny O'Neil, Steve Skolotas, and other kurnazans.

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Where would we be without APT? Misses our starting cover for this issue, for starters. Thanks go to American International for the shocking reveal from the prebook for this latest shillie, DR. PHIBBS RISES AGAIN.



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In its brief but glorious history, THE MONSTER TIMES has played host to the confessions of the Gish-Man from the CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON (TMT 5), the memoirs of GORGIO (TMT 12), and the continuing grunts of discontent from GODZILLA. In keeping with this time-honored tradition of providing a medium through which monsters may speak for themselves, we are proud to welcome to our pages that graping gorille, Mighty Joe Young. Mighty Joe (not to be confused with TMT Editor Joe Kave, who is not particularly young and anything but mighty) has a lot of complaints he'd like to get off that hairy chest of his so, without further small talk, here's the big ape in the flesh to tell you "the" long neglected side of the sad simian saga...

MIGHTY JOE DEMANDS HIS RIGHTS!

by Mighty Joe Young
as told to Allan Brandman

"You're in good luck
with Mighty Joe Young!"





Here's another example of the lack of respect afforded me by the producers... they didn't even get my name right! The "Great Joe Young" indeed! Why, there's no poetry at all in a title like that!

It was 5:00, Friday afternoon, with the weekend just around the bend, when suddenly a series of loud knocks was heard on the door of The Monster Times office. Our modestly concerned little studio literally quaked in response, bits of plaster shimmerring their way down to the floor. The editor, brave fellow that he is, grabbed me by the collar, looked me in the eye and said: "Answer that door!" My feet did not budge. He repeated the command. Once. Twice. Finally, sensing the acute state of paranoia I was in, he grabbed me again and this time flung me to the door.

A COLORFUL CALLER

My sweaty hands fumbled with the knob for what seemed like minutes. Then, just as I was on the verge of finally opening up, our impatient visitor beat me to the punch. Bursting through, barely managing to contain his nervous frame within the confines of a... office, he muscled in and I timidly looked up to confront... to meet behind, none other than our old friend and mentor Mighty Joe Young! Usually a most jovial fellow, with a pleasingly passive sort of disposition, he now appeared most upset... indeed, boiling with rage. I endeavored to ease his anxiety and calm him down. Managing to secure a bunch of fresh bananas from the next door neighbor, I gave them to Joe and led him into our drawing room. Naturally, we had to clear away all the furniture to make room for him, and even then the only way he could comfortably fit in was if he lay down. Knowing Joe, that wouldn't bother him too much. Actually, the last time I'd seen him was close to four years ago on a surprise visit to his homestead in Kenya, where he's been living for the past twenty years. It was only a

I could have a contender, I could have been somebody! But no, no one looked out for me when it counted. Here I am taking a hefty punch from one of those murderers they pitted me against. You should have heard the crowd roaring and laughing at me. They were older men... a sign! The indignity of it all!



brief stay, but he did seem quite content and was a perfect host.

Presently, he told me at length about the source of his frustration. In a nutshell, he apparently believes that the new generation of sci-fi horror fans are not according him the respect due to a simian of his stature. Fed up with being merely regarded as an amiable offshoot and poor man's answer to the great King Kong, he has decided to petition the public for his rights. Savagely he demanded, and I quote you word for word: "I shall no longer stand in the shadow of Kong! He was great indeed, but, is it fair that I should be judged solely compared to him? I staked my claim to fame in an era of far less flamboyance and had to pay the price for it. Yet, I still live claiming to having acquitted myself as admirably as possible under the circumstances. Let me speak to your readers and you will then see why." I was more than glad to oblige him with an interview. And here it is, the true story of Mighty Joe Young.



Everything would have worked out fine if my master, Terry Moore, hadn't been lured away from our private nest by the wily Robert Armstrong. He'd already got the letters of my cousin King and his son to answer him and the bright lights of Broadway. As if Broadway wasn't bad enough, Terry was last seen in Miami at the Thrashfest convention wearing a straw hat and smoking a fancy cigarette!

MIGHTY JOE REMEMBERS

I suppose that the most logical place to begin is at the beginning. So, that is where I shall begin... I don't really remember very much about my parents, except that they

were both hairy, just like me. In fact, it's all more or less a blur until that fateful day when this here little rich girl took such a shine to me that she secretly battered one of

SEE THE ATOM-BOMB GORILLA IN AMAZING ACTION! mightier than



See... here they are right away comparing me to King Kong, a gorilla almost twice my size, with a whole ensemble legend behind him. To add insult to hyperbole, they made a sketch that didn't resemble me at all! The "Atom-Bomb Gorilla" huh? Here I am, probably the most memorable creature in the world... and they compare me to a toad!... unless maybe they're just referring to the rest of the film.

her daddy's most priceless possessions, a flashlight, to get me. See how cheap I came! Anyhow, things were really pretty good for me over at her spread. I was fed decent, had plenty of space to roam and goof around on, and was given enough affection to stifle a dozen orphans. I mean, this girl really did have something special for me. If I wasn't such a gentleman... not like that fendably idiotic cousin of mine (no names mentioned) who found out the penalty for trying to court a human woman, but still managed to achieve world-wide recognition on account of his

GIANT GORILLA A POWDER-KEG PET OF NIGHT-CLUB SOCIETY!

See those ten most
terrific thrills
ever pictured!

- 1 Baby gorilla reared by girl!
- 2 Fights capture by men and horses!
- 3 Tamed as night club star!
- 4 Out-muscles 10 strongest men!
- 5 Balances girl, piano, over head!
- 6 Tormented, goes wild!
- 7 Rips iron doors, steel bars!
- 8 Wrecks palatial night club!
- 9 Defies police machine guns!
- 10 Rescues children from the big blaze!



The prebookend all neatly catalogues the 10 steps that led me through a living hell and straight into the pits of obscenity. And let me reiterate, necessary to what they say here, I am not, nor have I ever been, anybody's pet. I am nobody's pet... nobody's! Ah, you lose your mind!

pompously lofty death—the lucky....

Er, to continue, by the time of her twentieth birthday, with her father now dead, our relationship had become even stronger when a group of individuals appeared on the scene who threatened to keep

us apart forever. A nasty lot of entrepreneurs, led by the wily Max O'Hara (false! the wily Carl Denham!), they schemed to lasso me up as part of some Wild West Show headed for N.Y.C. For chance, I sure did show them a trick or two. I don't like to boast, but you should have seen the shambles I made of this dizzy set of cowboys. Finally, forced to compromise, O'Hara timidly pays a visit at the ranch with a few of his cohorts in capitalistic crime. What a prize collection of jelly fishes! The only decent Joe (He! He! Pretty clever, I think) among them seems to be this guy they call Tex, who, sure enough, is the lead cowboy. Still, I don't particularly cotton to the way he's been looking at my master. Meanwhile, Mr. O'Hara is relentlessly appealing to my master's romantic fantasies of the bright lights and glitter of Broadway. I attempt to forestall O'Hara's big plans with an appropriate speech of my own.

Continued on page 29



I've always sided with the cause of the Indians ever since the wedding depicted here took place. I still maintain that I could hold my own with any of these dorks in a fair fight.

For as long as anyone can remember, kids have always hated September. That's the dreaded month that most schools reconvene for the new school year. It's also the time that your mother dresses you up in those rotten Robert Hall "back-to-school-specials." It's generally just an all-around bad month.

This year, however, Indiana University student and professor Michael Uslan offers a pleasant change from the back-to-school drudgery of History and English and all sorts of obscure Mathematics courses. For the first time ever, Mr. Uslan and Indiana University are offering a course in comic books. It isn't a joke, or a

non-credit time-waster, but a real, honest-to-golden-rule college course that will be offered starting this semester. And to make things better, you can also get the course by correspondence, and that has to be a welcome relief from all these "I-got-this-great-job-by-studying-200-hours-at-night" correspondence courses.

You might have already heard about this course in PLAYBOY and PARADE magazines, but readers of THE MONSTER TIMES will be honored with the story straight from the horse's mouth... i.e., Prof. Uslan himself. Class is in session, gang, so get out your pens and notebooks, cause COMICS ARE GOOD LEARNIN'!

COMICS ARE GOOD LEARNIN'!

by MICHAEL USLAN

It has always been a classroom crime to be found hiding a comic book behind your text book. In my class, "The Comic Book In Society" at Indiana University, you can only get in trouble for hiding a text book behind your comic book. Imagine for a minute what it would be like to enroll in a class with thirty-five other students and have a weekly rap session about the relevance of the latest DC and Marvel comics to hit the stands. This, in fact, is what my course is all about.

Ever since I was a small child, there has always been a stigma attached to the reading of comics. Parents were afraid that they were the cause of juvenile delinquency, mental retardation, bad eyesight, and a host of assorted diseases.

What makes this hardcover volume the perfect comics textbook is not only John Feiffer's excellent analysis of the medium but the medium (insert yawn) 120 pages of the choicest Golden Age stories reproduced in full color. Even non-fans find this a fascinating work.



Is it really true that Superman saves the Age men? Read on...

Yet since the mid-fifties, all of the accusations made against comic books have been proven false. In the past few years, the comics have entered a new era of maturity and professionalism, and today rank as an enlightening source of entertainment, as well as a bona-fide American art form.

With this idea in mind, class begins every Wednesday night. The atmosphere is relaxed and devoid of pressure, as there are no tests or note-taking in this course. The only things necessary to achieve a good grade are participation in discussions, a short paper on anything at all about comic books that each student finds personally interesting, and a final project that entails collaborating with a few others and producing an original comic strip based on techniques and philosophies picked up in class.

THEY ARE DIVERSE

The students enrolled in the course are diverse. Every college grade is represented by the thirty men and six women in the class. Some students are comic book freaks, while others have only followed comics occasionally through their 18-21 years. Still others haven't read any in over

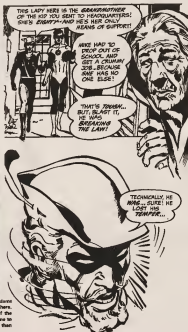


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With Green Lantern, the writer-artist team of Denny O'Neil and Neal Adams introduced a major change in the attitude of the modern comic book hero. Green Lantern and his pal Green Arrow were the first to "come out" of the comic book closet of conservatism and reverence. All good things come to an end, though, and Green Lantern/Green Arrow came to it more quickly than most, having lasted only last season.



editor, and Gerry Conway, scripper, journeyed to the Mid-West wilderness to speak. The interest in what was taking place was great, and all three guests, myself in addition, were asked to appear on two separate talk shows.

By the time in the course, word was spreading that Indiana University had some twenty-year-old junior teaching an accredited class in comics. I received calls from some of the greatest men in the industry offering congratulations and support. Carmine Infantino of DC, Stan Lee of Marvel, Jack Kirby of both companies, Fred Toole—the man behind "Dennis the Menace"—Fred Rhead of "Sad Sack" fame, and more.

The mass media found themselves a bit taken back by a comic book course in college. I was approached by fifteen radio networks for interviews, including WBNS in New York, WBZ in Boston, and KMOX in St. Louis on which I did an hour talk show. The listeners would call in on that last one and try to stump me with comic book trivia. I held my own under fire. Both newspaper syndicates, AP and UPI, sent stories out on their wires. NBC-TV picked it up and filmed a four-minute segment for their "Nightly News" with John Chancellor. CBS's Indianapolis affiliate station also filmed a class. Suddenly my students began coming to class dressed up, taking the seat that best showed their profile. Recently such highly dissimilar publications as PLAYBOY and PARADE Sunday Supplement Magazine completed stories on my revolutionary class. We were mixing history and accomplishing one of the purposes of the course, to make comics become accepted.

COMICS "COME OUT"

The biggest reason for people considering comic books to be trash is misinformation or lack of information. By bringing the great styles made in the industry in the past few years to national attention we hope to fill in the right information. The men behind the books deserve the respectability they have earned.

Having just finished studying the sociological and psychological effects and

ten years. Because of this, printed materials are given out each week to provide background information. Along with the two course text books, Slesawski's History of Comics, and a choice between Jules Feiffer's Great Comic Book Heroes, or Dick Lupoff's All In Color For A Dime, the students are all brought up to date.

been influenced by everyone from Tarzan, Doc Savage, and The Phantom to Popeye the Sailor.

We switched the style of the class when we started toying with the topic of "relevancy in comic books." Probably the most "relevant" series to date is the Green Lantern/Green Arrow book published by DC. Denny O'Neil, editor

and writer of these comic, flew to Bloomington, Indiana to speak to the class. The room was jammed with students and television cameras as Denny gave a capitalizing talk and allowed for questions and answers. The whole session wound up lasting nearly three hours. The following week was Marvel's turn for a rebuttal, and Steve Engelhart, associate

Several earlier heroes are considered to have provided the basic inspiration for the most invincible supermen of them all, Superman. Doc Savage with his Fortress of Solitude in the Arctic and Popeye with his super-strength are two of the Superman forerunners most frequently cited. The latter is a 1934 magazine ad for the great Doc Savage.



TMT's own Dan Thompson, aided and abetted by Doc Lupoff, put together this colorful collection of Golden Age comics called ALL IN COLOR FOR A DIME. The material featured in this comic volume originally appeared in a 1960 comic feature titled XERO.

FROM STONE AGE TO STONED AGE

"The Comic Book In Society" is divided into several sub-topics. We began the year by talking about comic art history from cave-man days through to the development of the modern comic book. This section included a hot debate in class as to the question of the originality of Superman. By the time class ended, it was decided that Superman had





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SCREEN FACTS 23/24 (double issue). This is a prize for horror film fans. The entire issue (50+ pages) consists of magnificent full-page stills from Universal horror films. Look again at Karloff, Dwight Frye, Rondo Hatton, and many grisly others. \$3.00



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FUJITAKE. A thin 16-page booklet (8 1/2 x 11) featuring the gothic black-and-white style of

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PORT OF PERIL by Otto Adelbert Kline. A hard-cover re-issue of a famous science-fiction novel located on Venus. Of special interest are the four illustrations by J. Allen St. John, one of the great masters of fantasy art. \$3.00



COMIX: A HISTORY OF COMIC BOOKS IN AMERICA. This is an attractive hard-cover book covering the comic book phenomenon up to today's underground, a territory not

previously explored in any history of the field. Thoroughly illustrated in both black-and-white and color, the book's appeal extends even to its bright-colored dust-jacket. \$7.95

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Even if the current Recession is beginning to slacken a bit, there is no Price that continues to rise... and that's Vincent. Up from the celluloid grave once again, Vincent Price has just completed the sequel to his popular Dr. Phibes feature, entitled (unapologetically enough) **DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN**. The venerable veteran of the horror film agreed to talk to TMT Media Editor R. Allen Leider and the substance of that conversation... along with a report on the new Phibes flick... is presented in all its candor below.

DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN

by R. Allen Leider

When the country needs a good old-fashioned horror film loaded with thrills and chills, well, it's here: **DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN**. Vincent Price of the diabolical inner return (as Dr. Phibes) to save Robert Quarry (as Professor Henderson) halfway around the world to discover the secret of eternal life.

For those who missed (or don't remember) the first Phibes epic, Dr. Allen Phibes was a brilliant, arrogant operation who was afflicted by a car accident. His wife was rushed to the hospital, but seven doctors botched the operation and left poor Mrs. Phibes in a half-life-half-death sleep. Phibes then

Phibes has the last laugh once again, this time as the "sign" of evil... of his own mind. Dr. Henderson's mission, who is treated to an emotional epiphany of a small but deadly weapon.



VINCENT PRICE RISES AGAIN... AND AGAIN AND AGAIN.

R. ALLEN LEIDER

Ever since I donated my first pair of AJJ slacks and watched the credits, dated notice from the HOUSE OF WAX soon across the screen and beyond it, Vincent Price has been one of my favorite friends. Now about to make a new monster legend, he returns to the screen in **DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN**. Phibes, you may remember, is the still-living organist and 1950 pop-music artist who botched his wife's operation by attacking upon them the phlegm. Phibes brought down upon the Egyptians. Phibes now returns to discover an ancient secret that will return his wife to a living state.

And what could be better for Vincent Price? He has been a fixture in theatre and cinema for twenty-four years, mark of it going against the daylight on a deluged audience around the globe that he was denied by a feared that he try out for a role in the play "Chicago" being out at London's Old Theatre. He got it and a subsequent job as Prince Albert in the play *Victoria Regina* which

introduced him to American theatre. Opposite Helen Hayes at the Broadway production of *Victoria*, he became a smash success after actor and within two years was in Hollywood destined to become, among other things, one of the

role as the remaining Phibes is sinister indeed. Off the record, Vincent Price has little time to spare anyone. He has long been an art buyer for Sears and Roebuck, a private collector, a book editor (the most



The venerable Vincent provides a better screen for the great white expression of an AJJ makeup man than in transferring him from a disfigured actor...

present horror action of all times. No one has done more to popularize the horror film genre than Vincent Price. In fact, a film funeral is noticeably lacking without him, joining down in the prison and checking sanity. And his new found

newest, and distinguished volumes of which are the "Michaelangelo Book" and the "Treasury of Great Recipes," a gourmet cook, a lecturer and the only actor ever to serve on the White House Art Committee.

If you think Dr. Phibes has lost his mind, you're right. He's the most famous of men of the Doctor's time, and one who has his own company, and is the only one who has his own company.

"There! That'll teach you to go around telling everyone I'm schizophrenic!"

proceeded to eliminate the doctor one at a time, using as weapons the seven Phibes' Mosaic inflicted upon an Egyptian. With his main, wretchedness, Vincent, Dr. Phibes created seven doctors, then placed himself in a state of suspended animation. The film ended with the tomb door closing on the hibernating Dr. and Mrs. Phibes.

SUNMOON MERGER

Now, it seems that the SunMoon connection that occurs every two thousand years is upon us and the seasonally arrives Dr. Phibes. It seems that prior to his auto accident, Dr. Phibes had built a sort of underground summer house in Egypt under an ancient tomb. Some somewhere! It looks like the old Rexy Theater (complete with stage and rising organ). Legend tells that when the Sun and Moon conjoin an underground river flows from the tomb. This river holds the secret of eternal life. Phibes decides to return to this place to revive his wife. But it's not that easy, Phibes has a rival the time Professor Henderson has his own dark reasons for wanting the secret. This and a writer go Henderson and Phibes on the same ship to Cairo. With Peter Cushing as Captain so too, Henderson is in good company with his mistress and beretina archaeologist, Phibes brings Vincent, a 15-year-old, mechanical-minded, confident, a little Royce, and a case with his wife in a deep sense. It looks like a well from Homer's *Odyssey*, the 42nd Street Avenue. (One wonders that of this is so, if Phibes also is a LANCE lot of mischief.)

Phibes now begins to even the film.

He cuts: High GOTTEN (as Lord Amherst, the archeologist) in a giant Gai Gai and paces it overhead. Once in Egypt, Henderson's own is treated to a series of deadly experiments. One is slung to death by surprise. One is crushed to a cube one foot by one foot.



... in a dramatic finale that he discover the secret of eternal life.

MONSTERS MAKE IT RIGHT

"Personally," says Vincent, "I think we exponents of horror do much better than method actors. We make the unbelievable believable. From research I've done with psychiatrists I'm convinced that horror films do no harm to anyone at all. Many children get rid of their fears on the screen in these films instead of on their parents. It is a cathartic, an emotional learning that the secret of the Greek theatre. There's nothing new about it. As children sometimes for the actors it is more than that. When I was doing *THE WAX* we had several scenes in which we were forced to play film parts of horror or so active



One of your favorite scenes appearing in Dr. PHIBES RISES AGAIN. The last scene where he is seen even worse, though, and the type of person you always see with a high price of blood all around his veins.

square. One is unashamed to hear. Finally, in the great hall of Phibes' underground home, Henderson and Phibes meet in personal combat over the key that opens the gate to the secret river. Meanwhile, downstairs, Henderson's mistress faces a dark torturous fate. Who, if anybody, were

actor is not supposed to participate in the cultural life of the community. Why not? Why shouldn't an actor use his fame to further the cultural life of those who admire him? Most of Hollywood is full of pretty faces and broad shoulders who don't give two cents for the higher things in life. They get involved with popular causes, that's fine if they believe in them, but they don't try to stimulate people to appreciate the finer things of civilization to improve their lives. I could like to see the bible return to it's time-honored and rightful place on the center of literary thought. It's truly marvelous book. Not just for religious reasons, but for literary reasons and means of thought, culture and basic ideas. There's almost nothing you can't find in the bible scriptures. That's why I brought out this Michaelangelo Bible. I can't stand to think that in Hollywood they like to pretend to be highbrow. Their homes are full of classics that nobody reads, and painting nobody looks at. It's just a phony from like Hollywood money."

THE HIGH PRICE OF EVIL

But getting back to horror films, does Vincent Price actually believe in evil after having played witches, witch hunters, making a "murderer" called "Phibes" and dealing with some other standard forms of evil the screen offers. "There's a lot of evil in the world," states Price, "but I believe that there must be a power of evil." Does he regard himself as a horror film actor? "I don't think my film are quite different from

Dr. Phibes is one real monster who believes that there's no means why death has to be joyous. While the Doctor appreciates each of his victims with an atrocious sense of humor, his victims seem to react rather glibly to Phibes' plans."

belated so Herbert Marshall and I wouldn't have to face each other. We put hope laughing ourselves into it. It took a whole day to shoot the scene. I'm often asked why I do so many horror movies. Aside from the fun of making these films... well, I've got to eat. One of the problems with American theatre is the pay is so small that actors are forced to play film parts of horror or so active

studies whatsoever put to pay the rent. Not that I'm not grateful, it's just a reflection on the state of the present art."

Hollywood? Vincent Price has said: "I was on that set. I went into the theatre thinking an actor is a cultured man," and Price, a Vice King, "but that's only true in England and other parts of Europe. In Hollywood, actors have been made into fresh for the most part. An



Yet another hungry plant puts in an appearance in **DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN**. This one is not just an obnoxious, the world, however, all he wants is another little piece of your heart.

the lay? Will Duss be saved? Will there be a sequel?

PRICE IS RIGHT

Price turns in a slick, deliciously witty and sinister performance as Dr. Phibes.



You'd have to be at a once to get a good night's sleep on this movie's side with all these electric phibers overhead. Even though Dr. Phibes has risen again, his wife continues to take a big sleep.

the character he created. Peter Cushing has an (unfortunately) small part as the captain of the ship as does British comic Terry Thomas as a shipping executive. Most of the other players are new faces and they do very well, included in the

latter category are Peter Jeffery and John Carter as the bumbling Scotland Yard inspectors who chase Phibes to Egypt and somehow just miss him about ten times in 85 minutes. One scene has them stranded in the desert 1,000 miles from civilization asking each other for directions to Phibes' secret hideout. They actually try to match up the dunes around them with the dunes on the map. It's almost Laurel and Hardy. Fiona Lewis, as Beiderbeck's mistress, is luscious. Who can blame Beiderbeck for wanting her forever? The technical work is superb. Brian Katwell, who designed the sets for the earlier Phibes film, is back with more lavish 1920 art nouveau trappings, including the spidery underground HQ for Phibes inside the pharaoh's tomb. John Gato's lively organ score moves the film from place to

place swiftly. But, the overall success for this film must go to Vincent Price and Louis Hayward, the producer, who lined up the best new staff of actors and technicians that make **PHIBES RISES AGAIN** a new bet for this year.

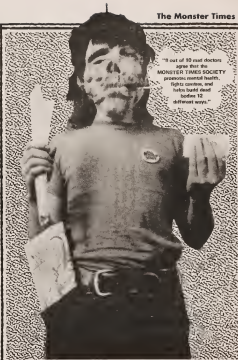


"What's a real guy like me doing in a face like this?" wonders a shocked Vincent Price in a scene from the original Phibes flick, **THE ASCENDABLE DR. PHIBES**.

ow, **THE SLUDGE FROM UNDER THE SEA** or like that. I made **THE FLY** that had a monster in it and made the **HOUSE OF WAX**, but most of my films, the **POE** films for example, are psychological thrillers. Most of the great films in this genre are this psychological type. In Europe there is a cult of very arty people who go overboard for these Poe films and I've read the reviews in French and English magazines and I wonder if it's the same film I made. They consider these films to be very arty."

And arty is the word for Phibes. The first Phibes movie was loaded with 1920

art nouveau carefully researched by the art director. In fact, Vincent Price may have brought to the screen across the first cinematic monster: A refined gentleman who has a passion for painting, music and murder. Even his murders are cultured. The first scene being right out of the pages of the Michaelangelo Bible. Phibes is also a gourmet. Unfortunately he has no palate and is forced to scrape those gourmet delicacies through a hatch in his neck. But what the heck, culture is culture, even if it is a pain in the neck for some. Look forward to **DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN**.



"It out of 99 mad doctors agree that the **MONSTER TIMES SOCIETY** possesses mental health. Right? Wrong, and looks build dead bodies 12 different ways."

IS THERE A MONSTER IN THE HOUSE?

What? You say you're a loyal **MONSTER TIMES** reader but you don't belong to **THE MONSTER TIMES FAN CLUB**? Why, a **MONSTER TIMES** reader without a **MONSTER TIMES SOCIETY** membership card, special certificate, and badge is like *Dracula* without his fangs... *Frankenstein* without his monster... a *fire-breathing dragon* minus his *fury breath*! But wait... don't panic, it's not too late! We pledge to keep the fact that you are not a member in good standing of the **MONSTER TIMES SOCIETY** a ferociously guarded secret providing you

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Make me a member in good standing of the **MONSTER TIMES SOCIETY**, I am enclosing \$3.00 Please rush me my official **MT SOCIETY** certificate, badge, and membership card as I cannot live another day without them. I too wish to be numbered among the most erudite, discriminating *Monster Fans* on this or any other planet. I am of sound mind and body and fully realize that should the Dark Ages I would have been banned at the stables as a wizard for this.

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the Monster Scene



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London. From April through October, Pan-Am is featuring 15 day Psychic Scene tours, which include exploration of all the above-mentioned subjects, starting at \$748 if you're leaving from New York. There is an additional charge if you want to depart from another major American city. The Winter Psychic Scene tour is an 8 day excursion that runs from November through May and price here begins at \$495. Happy haunting... and don't take any wooden psychic experiences.



DANTE'S INFERNAL GUIDE

DANTE'S INFERNAL GUIDE TO YOUR SCHOOL is a light-hearted look at the rigors of school life as seen from the author's side of the desk. The text is by high school teacher Frank Behrens, who uses Gustave Doré's 19th Century illustrations for Dante's *Inferno* as a chilling visual aid. Each page features a sentence of copy matched by an appropriate Doré illustration, while the idea occurs this after a few pages, the book is worth picking up just for Doré's masterful portraits of the populace of Dante's World of the Damned. Published by Simon and Schuster, the book sells for \$2.95 and will doubtlessly be appreciated (the text, anyway) more by teachers than by inmates... or students.

GALLOPING GHOSTS

You may remember (or you may not, if you weren't that way about it) that when our Monster Scene column made its debut back in TMT 14, we devoted the whole thing to Pan-Am's "Spotlight On Oracula" Travelways Tour. Well, from another major chronicle of horror, the New York Gaby News, comes word of still another terror tour... Here Holzer's Legendary Gothic Tour of Austria. Holzer, considered by many to be the world's foremost ghost hunter, leads a meteoric tour that includes

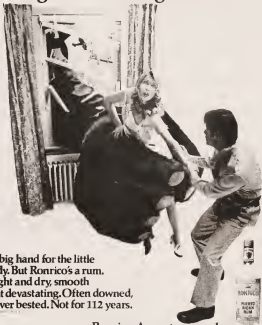
A RUM FIT FOR A KING (KONG)

And speaking of Kong (as when we met), the Superwoman has been appearing in a whole slew of ads of late, hawkking everything from Volkswagen (see TMT 7) to rum. Ironically enough, Kong was reported to

have been a staunch teetotaler (no, that's not someone who smokes dope), limiting his chemical consumption to the magic mushrooms rumored to have grown wild on old Skull Island. From the meagerest

look of the ad's copy, it appears that the Ronrico copywriters had been sampling their product before sitting down at their typewriters. But don't worry... the King has survived greater indignities than this.

Ron Rico. Didn't his girl have a strange animal magnetism?



A big hand for the little lady. But Ronrico's a rum. Light and dry, smooth but devastating. Often downed, never bested. Not for 112 years.

Ronrico. A rum to remember.

visits to castles and fortresses rumored to be the present and/or former homes of... Ghosts. The trips last 16 days, depart via Senator, and prices start at \$610—which includes air fare, first-class accommodations, transfers, escort, tips, taxes, and most meals. The fiendish flights take off every two weeks, but if you want to go, better hurry... the last flight is scheduled to leave New York on October 2.



I spend twenty-seven years making monsters and what then is left over? A cocktail at a party is!

MONSTERS MAKE PLAYBOY

For them TMT readers too young to read PLAYBOY, as well as those who have already outgrown it, it seems that Hugh Hefner harbors a liking for monsters, too. This cartoon appeared in the June '72 issue

and we've got to admit we will see had thought of it first. Oh well, at least our disaffiliated don't have staples in their noses... although a few do have electrodes attached to their heads.



That self-crowned King of the Monsters and Foremost Denizen of the Deep is back again with an announcement that is sure to startle even the most loyal, trusting, and believing of the Green Beast's fans. It seems that GDDZILLA (GOD to you) will be adding yet another element of horror to a 1972 presidential race that has already exhibited more than its fair share of same. That's right, His Majesty the Beast has announced his candidacy for the thankless post of President of these United States, an event that promises to be even more horrifying than the 1968 production of that long-running chiller, **THE REPUBLICANS WALK AMONG US**. Remember: You saw it first in TMT.

LET ME MAKE THIS PERFECTLY CLEAR... On August 25, 1972, I, Godzilla, publicly announced my candidacy for President of These United States. This came as quite a shock to representatives of both the Democratic and Republican parties, since no one in these respected groups anticipated my hardened political training and knowledge of world affairs. "I was campaigning in New York City when I first received the news from one of my aids," said Senator McGovern last week. (Mr. McGovern is also running for President.) "I felt Godzilla is aware of many of this country's problems, but I don't think I'm speaking out of turn when I say his cerebral problems—and the one that will prove fatal in the end—is his previous career as a motion-picture actor." President Nixon, questioned briefly at a news conference last Sunday in Washington, agreed. "It's a bad day for America when a candidate as knowledgeable, as well-informed as Godzilla, this King of all monsters, should lose valuable votes simply because he made a few moving pictures." "I think it's just great," remarked Hubert Humphrey, interviewed three days ago at home with his wife and family. "It's important that a candidate appear forceful. I don't think the 'how shall I say—psychological deterrent of Godzilla's Japanese origin should affect the final decision. By golly, he's got my vote!" Other political figures were asked to comment on my untimely and unexpected candidacy. "I can't say I approve of some five-hundred-foot tall fire-breather posing footling around this here



Godzilla, larger than life, larger than TIME, and self-proclaimed King of the Monsters, debates an unusual opponent while stomping... or, stomping along the campaign trail. It is the Big G's goal to make the world a safer place for mortals.

GADZOOKS... IT'S GOODZILLA

nation's capital," chuckled Governor Wallace. "Considering the similarities in our backgrounds, I doubt he'll succeed where I failed, yet I wish him all the luck in the world." Governor Ronald Reagan announced today in sunny California. Fellow followers, don't let these negative statements hinder your just decision this November. I had hoped to discuss some of my innovative ideas in this week's column, but campaign duties elsewhere demand my attention. Instead, appearing below is an interview conducted by TIME magazine last week that may give you the necessary insight into any plans for America. With your unyielding support and faith, we can pull it off... together we can transform GDDZILLA, FORMER KING OF THE MONSTERS INTO GOODZILLA, PRESIDENT OF THE PEOPLE! Overload!



Godzilla directs some heated remarks at splinter party candidate King Kong, who's running for the very same election under the banner of Bill Monroe Liberation Front. Stay tuned to this page next time for further tentative developments!

THE TIME INTERVIEW

TIME: We're talking with the latest candidate in this truly incredible election, an election that has now taken on nothing less than utterly fantastic proportions. (Ahem) Mr. Godzilla—uh, may I call you Godzilla, or do you prefer "your majesty" or "sir" or something to that effect?

GDDZILLA: Certainly not! I have no desire to place myself upon a "throne," a pedestal of indifference and false virtues. You can call me God.

TIME: Yes, well... Mr. Godzilla, how do you feel about all the attention given to your Japanese origins? Do you think your enemies will keep you out of the White House on this technicality?

GDDZILLA: I have an announcement to make that has been a well-kept secret for nearly twenty years now. I am not a Japanese citizen. I was born in the Benettonburg section of Brooklyn, just two blocks north of Bay Parkway.

TIME: Why... I... I... Ladin and Gentlemen... I don't know what to say...

GDDZILLA: Yes, it's quite a story. Back in '54 I found working very difficult and getting a job nearly impossible. Over the summer I would maintain some of the cotton candy parties of Coney Island with "Eternity" every Tuesday and Thursday evenings, but the job didn't pay well and I barely grew out of my childhood dream of "The Cyclone" and "Pac-Man Jump" kiddie rides. I decided to try my claw in motion pictures and stomped my way to California. But—wouldn't you know it—those little producers of the time were content with Mr. Ray Wadsworth's dystematic dummies. So I boarded the slow boat to Japan, turned east at the Fuji Islands and the rest is history.

TIME (Flabbergasted): Incredible... simply incredible! Tell me, Godzilla, how you chosen your running mate yet?

GDDZILLA: Ah, no, no, not yet. Rodan and Mothra are likely choices, since both possess built-in flying facilities. Ghatra is a good possibility with those three heads of his and those three mouths... needless to say a politician's dream! Oh yes, I'm also considering Woody Allen.

TIME: Politically speaking, are you a right winger or a left-winger?

GDDZILLA: Unlike most politicians, I've never been able to fly on just one wing.

TIME: As President, what would be some of the first things you'd do?

GDDZILLA: First, I'd give Mary Tyler Moore an Emmy award. I don't think Jean Stapleton deserved it.

TIME: You'll find a lot of opposition on that point.

GDDZILLA: I don't care. I like Mary very much. I think she's sexy.

TIME (perplexed): What would be the second thing you'd do, as President?

GDDZILLA: Now that's a hard question to answer.

TIME: Try, please.

GDDZILLA: How about giving King Kong a lifetime subscription to TMT?

TIME: Yes!

It was very clear after that that I didn't intend to answer any earth-shaking questions. The TIME reporter left late that afternoon, befuddled, confused, charmed. As for me, well, I was off campaigning in various cities of the world, proving conclusively that not only am I bigger than



Some of Godzilla's myriad legions of loyal fans gather to demonstrate their support. Unfortunately, most of them are a lot too young to cast their vote for the Great Green Beast come November.

life, but larger than TIME as well.

Well, around readers, before I bring this week's column to its close, I'd like to thank all the great people who took the time to drop me a line! Don't despair, kids: GDDZILLA photos are as the world, so keep those cards and letters coming in. Next up I'll be back to my usual self with some after-before revealed facts about Minya (the SON OF GODZILLA), plus a complete bibliography of the one and only GHORAM, THE THREE HEADS MONSTER. So, and next time, remember my memorable motto: BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO KING LIKE GOODZILLA!

Until next time,

Godzilla

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THE MONSTER TIMES PROUDLY ENDORSES:

GODZILLA
★ ★ ★ FOR ★ ★ ★
PRESIDENT

the DEATHMASTER is back from the grave

BEWARE OF THE STARE!

Fangs go to Ed Naha, who, in his infinite wisdom, dares to bare the bitter tooth behind Count Yorga, that anemic pretender to the Dracula throne, and manages to catch AIP producers red-handed in the midst of committing yet another cinematic crime. It seems that Yorga, that dapper dentate demon, has syphoned off more than he could drink this time in the RETURN OF COUNT YORGA, sequel to COUNT YORGA—VAMPIRE, and author Naha has some unkind words for the campy Count.

Someone once told me, "There is nothing worse than a vapid vampire." (Actually I just made that up, but you've got to admit that I had you fooled for a minute.) In RETURN OF COUNT YORGA, American International has put together 97 minutes of film which brims with unrealized potent and howls preciously between black comedy and bad melodrama. Robert Quarry appears for the second time as the modern day undead Yorga, a dashing and at times delightfully sarcastic vampire. The character of Yorga could easily assume classic stature in the horror genre if handled adequately, but, unfortunately, the screenplay by Bob Keiffer and Yvonne Miller keeps the Count's role down to a snickering stereotype.

THE TOOTH . . .

In RETURN OF COUNT YORGA, the stylish vampire seeks to seize a local

One of Yorga's many scenes of the female variety from his fangs as the Count looks on nervously in a scene from THE RETURN OF COUNT YORGA, yet another biting modern variation on the old vampire legend. If the film has any power at all, American International expects are focusing it under their hat.

You might say that Count Yorga is one vampire with a good hand on his shoulders, were it not for the fact that he has no shoulders, not in this prehistoric drench at least.

THE RETURN OF COUNT YORGA

orphanage worker, Cynthia Nelson (Marlene Hartly), his wife. Bitten by the love bug, the Count goes about to win the affections of his intended. Appearing at a fund-raising costume ball in a come-as-you-are outfit, Yorga trades quips with some of the guests. "Do you like this kind of music?" asks a mopheaded young pianist. "Only when it's played well," deadpans the Count.

After seeing his horde of female vampires on a young orphan, Tommy

(Philip France), Yorga turns them loose on Cynthia's family. Late one evening the Nelson family is wined out in an orgy of bloodshed and Cynthia is carried off to Yorga's home where she is hypnotized. Believing herself to be the victim of a rather minor car accident, she consents to stay at Yorga's manor until she has recovered.

The morning after the massacre, a deaf-mute orphanage worker finds the grisly remains of the Nelsons and discovers little Tommy sitting amidst the carnage. By the time the police arrive, the bodies are nowhere to be found, Tommy won't talk, and Jennifer would like to, but obviously can't.

. . . THE WHOLE TOOTH . . .

A note found in the living room indicates that the entire Nelson family has left abruptly to visit a relative. Suspecting foul play, Dr. David Baldwin (Roger Perry), Cynthia's fiancé, decides to believe Jennifer's story of the mass murder and begins to investigate vampires on his own. After consulting George Macready as expert demonologist Prof. Rightstair in a scene that makes the classic Leo Gorcey-Huntz Hall dialogues look intelligent, Dr. Baldwin drags police to Yorga's manor to investigate. By this time Yorga and his badly scared, dumb (vocally) and criminally misemployed assistant Brutish (Edward Walsh) have decided to make Cynthia a vampire. Needless to say, these two narrow confrontations and plot turnabouts before Cynthia's "moment of truth" arrives.

RETURN OF COUNT YORGA is a very disappointing film because it's not all bad. In fact, there are some genuinely funny scenes. The dialogue between police Lt. Madden (Rudy DeLucas) and his men talking Yorga is priceless. "Alright, I don't want any heroes. Fast

These are the eyes that paralyze!

Between the Phantom Eyes and his Yorga paralytic, Robert Quarry might be the monster to watch for the future. He'd read better reviews than this, though, if he has any hope of establishing himself as the venerable Vincent Price.

one to find a vampire yells his behind off." When confronted by a dozen or so bloodthirsty female vampires it is Lt. Madden who utters the famous "I'd like to inform all of you of your rights . . ."

The character of Yorga is partially inconsistent. At times, he shines with brittle humor, while in some scenes he is reduced to a shadow of Bela Lugosi on a bad night. Yorga's method of attack for instance (a modified goose-step) is anything but hair-raising, assuming more chuckles than chills.

. . . AND NOTHING BUT THE TOOTH . . .

The film overlooks many potentially frightening characterizations (such as *mini-vampire* Tommy) in favor of shudder and more obvious ones such as the superhuman Brutish and the disfigured gel ghoul. The supposedly grotesquely scarred countenances of the aforementioned group are superb examples of inferior make-up artistry and succeed only in making the undead resemble terminal acne cases.

Robert Quarry, in the title role, seems utterly confused, never quite knowing how to come on; as a Shakespearean villain or Don Rickles. Needless to say, a combination of the two is impossible. All in all, RETURN OF COUNT YORGA is nothing more than an anemic diversion. Yorga may indeed develop into one of the most popular characters of horror since the old Universal heyday, but at present, he most certainly lacks the bite of his predecessors.



THERE ARE SOME THINGS WE CANNOT ESCAPE ~ EVEN IN DEATH!

DO NOT DISTURB





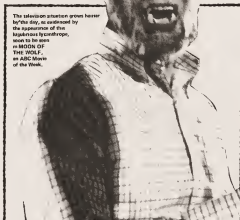
the Monster Times Teletype

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A new film company seems to be on the Shock zone by the name of Zenith International. Already in the can, Bert I. Gordon's *NIGHTMARE* should be released anytime now. SO EVIL, HER SISTER, the *Fath Conqueror*—Susan Strasberg star, should be winding up shooting shortly. One of the Zenith's future projects is *SOMETHING WAITING* with Miss Strasberg again starred, and the possibility of landing as her co-star, a bit of offbeat casting, the songstress of "Your Hit Parade" fame, Glacie MacKenzie. (Howabout calling it... *Your It Parade*?) Other projects scheduled are *STARCHILD*, *BEYOND THE OVEIL* and *FORBIDDEN JOURNEY*. The latter to be an Oriental chase thriller with Susan Oliver as lead femme. You may remember Miss Oliver's super performance in the *Star Trek* pilot film that was later incorporated into the two-part episode entitled "MENAGERIE."

CHAMBER OF TORTURES, formerly announced as *BAKON BLOOD*, with Jacques Cotton and Elin Sommer starred, will be released by AIP the first week of October.

The television photon grows hotter by the day, as evidenced by the appearance of the lustrous lycanthrope, seen to his own MOON OF THE WOLF, an ABC Movie of the Week.



David Jensen, Barbara Rush and Bradford Dillman star in the forthcoming ABC-TV Movie of the Week entitled MOON OF THE WOLF. It's an "even-a-man-who-is-pure-of-heart, and says-his-prayers-at-night, may-become-a-(guess?)".

when-the-wolfbane-blooms-and-the-moon-is-full-and-bright" episode.

ABC has also acquired the rights to all the James Bond films and has scheduled the first, *GOLDINGER* to be shown on September 17th. That'll be quite a Bond-anza.



The New York Flea Market, located at 4th Avenue and 25th Street, will hold a special exposition, swap, and sale of comic books on Sunday, September 3rd, from noon until 7 P.M. Collectors, fans and dealers take note. Come on down and sweat the MT crew.

Pop artist Peter Max has been signed to design a new full-length annotated version of Lewis Carroll's adventuresome moppet entitled *THE COSMIC ADVENTURES OF ALICE IN WONDERLAND*. The project is under the Folio One banner with Al Brodax at the helm. Mr. Brodax produced the magnificent *Beetlemania* piece *THE YELLOW SUBMARINE*. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., author of *SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE*, is being paid to do the script.

Hammer relinquishes its hold on horror and enters into humor with the little black-comedy *THAT'S YOUR FUNERAL*.

Peter Boyle, who had the title role in *JOE*, will join James Cagney in *SLITHER* at Metro.

Well it does look pretty positive that 20th-Fox will start production on *THE MALTESE FALCON* CONTINUED. Not a remake, as I originally reported, but a sequel... coming some 30 years later... and there's a chance that Humphrey Bogart's son, Stephen, will have a role in it.

NIGHT OF THE LEPUS, formerly *RABBITS*, is due for release soon. Unfortunately it doesn't quite meet up to its full potential. Janet Leigh, worthwhile seeing in anything though, co-stars with Rory Calhoun, Stuart Whitman and DeForest Kelley in this tale (*Cortantele*) about mutated-thru-practicality-ecological-imbalance jumbo bunnies. They're about the size of walrus. Story is based on Russel Bradburn's "The Year Of The Angry Rabbit" and the title "Lepus" is derived from scientific name (*Lepus*) for our long-eared rodents.

Sun, Moon and Stars Productions will lens *HOW THEY BECAME VAMPIRES*, which is already into its first month of shooting.

A German production company called (get ready) *Cinecine Filmgesellschaft* will be lensing a semi-documentary called *THE BLOODY COUNTRY*, which will tell of the actual Countess Erzebet Bathory, who was described as a real counterpart of *Oracula* living in 16th Century Hungary. A film released this year, *DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS* was about the Countess, and may be classed as one of the worst films I have ever seen. I mean, really, a hip-length plastic has-shaped rain cape. But they did say of the Countess that she kept her apish beauty by bathing in the blood of virgins, and that at one time she had some 200 slaughtered in one evening. They were easier to find then



Those impressive Apes will be returning to the screen again, but on the heels of their recent *CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES*. This one is called *BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES* and will mark the 5th Apes opus in less than 5 years. Just goes to show: You can't keep a good ape down... not for more than a few months at a time anyway.

James H. Nicholson, formerly with AIP, now president of Academy Pictures Corp., is off to London to scout location sites for his first independent venture *HELL HOUSE*, the story of an orchardist haunted House. Master author Richard Matheson will be writing the screenplay from his own novel, which will contain elements of science-fiction as well as the super-duper-natural.

CON-CALENDAR



DATE	CONVENTION	LOCATION	PRICE	FEATURES
Sept. 1-4	L.A. CON 38th World SF Con PO Box 1 Santa Monica, Cal.	LOS ANGELES Inter. Hotel Los Angeles, Cal.	no dues, contact on vention	This bigger of size of the wide range of writers in attendance and reviews.
Nov. 24-26	FANTASY FILM FANS CON PO Box 74866 Los Angeles, Cal.	AMBRASSADOR HOTEL Los Angeles, Cal.	\$15 in advance \$8 to \$14	72 hours of fantasy films, Ray Bradbury, DC Posters, Red Blauk
Nov. 24-26	Crestcon '72 16 East Second St. Fresno, N.Y., 15520	Sturte Hiltan New York, New York	\$3 in advance for 3 days \$2 a day at door	SF, comics, film, sections professional guests
Oct. 19-22	Triple Fan Fan and Star Trek Con 14645 Area Allen Park, Mich. 48101	Detroit Hilton Detroit, Michigan	\$4 at the door	Combined comic and Star Trek Con. Guests from both fields, dealers, SF, and horror movies, cartoons.

THE CON-CALENDAR is a special exclusive feature of THE MONSTER TIMES. Across this great land of ours are square and curious gatherings of equally curious zealots. The gatherings, called "conventions," and the retailers, called "fens," deserve the attention of fans and even fans alike, hence this trail-blazing reader service.

To those readers who've never been to one of these has-been affairs, we recommend it.

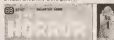
Detectors of such events put them down by saying that they're just a bunch of cartoonists and science-fiction writers and comic-book publishers talking, and signing autographs for fans who, like madmen, spend sums on out-of-date comics, useless fiction pulp, and mediocre novel-tells. But that's just the reason for going. If you want a couple of glossy mementos of *Dreadful* or *King Kong*, or a 1963 copy of *Amorby Comics* (God alone knows why)

as if you wish to see classic horror and science-fiction films, or read the story of old-time movie serials, or today's top comic-book artist and writers—or if you just want to meet other monster or comic-science-fiction freaks, like yourself, and there you're not alone in the world. Oh, if you want to meet the affable demerol-bonkers who bring out THE MONSTER TIMES, go ahead and visit one of these conventions. We dare ya!

"Why, this is the best script I've ever had . . . all the pages are blank!"

Italian pic due for leaving later this year will be TIME OF THE WORLD'S END. It'll have some location shooting in Japan!

DEADLY BEES become Suzanne Leigh, again a molested, this time by THE FRIEND, a rather gruesome little British shocker. Gore galore



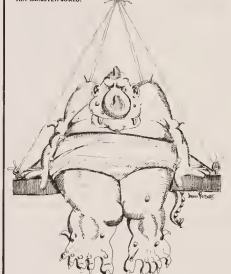
VAULT OF HORROR will be paired with I HAVE NO MOUTH, BUT I MUST SCREAM as a double bill



Bash-brokers take note! WOR-TV (Channel 31) will be re-running "Barn Kerkoff Presents Thriller" next incarnation of a few years back, beginning September 25th, Monday through Saturday at 11PM and on Sunday afternoon at 1PM. In addition to hosting each episode, Barn also appeared in a few, along with such luminaries as William Shatner, Ursula Andress, Rip Torn, and Long John Coffey.

A company called Virgin Films will be leasing their first new effort in Yugoslavia this month. Described as a medieval horror film, the flick, entitled CASTLE X, will star the Bee Gees rock group (Brothers Maurice, Barry and Robin Gibb) in straight dramatic roles. The brothers will also be scoring all incidental music for the film, which will be directed by Ridley Scott.

In response to your many cards and letters, here's one of our wonderful TMT MONSTER JOKES!



Q. How do you raise a baby monster?
A. With a hydraulic lift.

"COMIC FANS"

If you collect comics, you must read THE COMIC COLLECTOR. This is the world's leading magazine devoted to the hobby. Each issue contains many ads from fans & collectors from all over the country offering thousands of comics for sale & trade, and you can see it by self & trade too. If you are looking for back issues, this is the place. Each issue features more about 75 pages of comic stories, articles, reviews, and letter columns, all pertaining to the hobby. Here is your chance to buy & trade, and meet with other people who share your interest. A single copy is \$1.00, or send in for a 4-issue subscription for only \$3.00 or 8 issue for \$5.00. Or send \$3.50 for 12 issues & a free copy of THE GOLDEN AGE No. 2 THE SFCA, DIFF. MS. 9675 DR 212 ST., MIAMI, FLA. 33157

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The story of what's going to happen to your favorite comic characters
With features by Monster Timesers: Broccoli, Isabella & Levitz. 3 for \$1 from Paul Levitz, 393 East 58 Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203.

MOVIE STAR NEWS

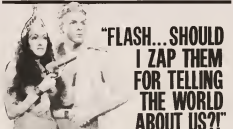
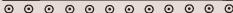
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"FLASH... SHOULD
I ZAP THEM
FOR TELLING
THE WORLD
ABOUT US?"

Everyone who reads STAR TIMES knows about the world's most renowned on-flick character, FLASH GORDON. Flash and his comely, comely-inable Doc Zarke, delightful Dale Arden and the ever despicable Ming The Merciless have made the scene just about everywhere. Starting off as a comic strip, then transferred to the serials, it even made television and comic books. Of Flash has been around, and now to chronicle all these trials and tribulations, comes HERITAGE—devoted to Flash and Flash alone.

HERITAGE has just about everything for the Flash freak, or even the most casual reader. Is it comic strips you want? Well, then's Jeff Jones and Mike Kalara and Frank Brunner to name a few. Is it an article that you desire? You won't find a better one than "Flash Gordon—Super Serial" by TMT's own Al Asherman. They don't come more informative than this, people. Are portfolios your bag? Well Gray Mowrey and Kenneth Smith contributions fill the bill. Not to mention illustrations by Fritz Frazetta and Reed Crandall. And if it's an interview you demand, don't go wrong. Heritage has a long, time-whodung discussion with Mr. Buster Crabbe—"Flash is the flash", if you will—conducted by none other than Al

Williamson, Flash Gordon's greatest fan. And still? Like you wouldn't believe.

And in case you're worried that this super Flash keepsake is fragile, forget it. This 80 page masterpiece is printed on super-heavy, super slick stock bound to last several lifetimes. The cover is illustrated in full-color by the original Flash delineator, Alex Raymond. And the cost? Fifteen dollars you say? Not dollar? No, no, this book is available from the friendly folk at The Monster Times for only \$3.50 and 25 cents postage and handling. So what are you waiting for?

The Monster Times, 11 West 57 Street,
Dept. H, New York, N.Y. 10011

Dear Monster Times,

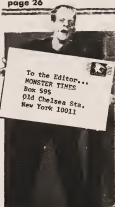
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1106805-540

Dear Sirs,

I do not expect you to print this letter, but I would appreciate it if someone could put it in front of Allan Asherman. A little constructive criticism always helps.

In reference to the Allan Asherman book review of Drake Douglas' book, it had to be the greatest rip-off that your magazine has ever pulled. It exhibited many of the mistakes which your reviewer found so denunciable and in general showed a complete lack of understanding of the book. After reading this review I had the terrible feeling that I had actually read a different book. There is some concrete evidence for this, I have read two editions of the Douglas book: a MacMillan hardback (\$6.95) and a Collier paperback (\$1.50). The name of my edition is *Harvest* and not *Harvest*, neither is it an English edition. I would suggest at this point that perhaps you own a pirated and possibly corrupt edition of a very excellent book.

The review seems to be a rushed-out product of the American home-cycle against the *MONSTER TIMES*. You can tell from the way the review is detailed history of the horror film, but never claims that as the book itself. The book is a literary study with some history, but the review is not. The reviewer's my advertising copy calls it, "A hazy-mind history of the great moments of literature and legend—the horror movies they have inspired—the shock films of the 60's." Although he misunderstood the intent of the book (myself instead on the cover blurb) Asherman "being a man of letters" is not a man of letters from writing about the book. Sadly, the subsequent review emphasizes all the qualities of a good second grade book report. The reviewer is not a literary critic, literary criticism with the number of dates and pictures given. He forgets that in literary studies there are rarely single dates for anything, and that the dates given are not really dates given by phrasal such as, "in the early thirties." For some unexplained reason Asherman feels that specific dates are important and that they can be found on the inside of the book.

Amazingly, Asherman complains that Douglas' "knowledge" comes from such questionable methods as seeing the films. He also points out that his "somewhat cockeyed" ideas about the films are hardly valid. Interestingly, Asherman's own ideas about the films (although not cockeyed to him) were also developed by watching the films. How do you explain this double standard? I would like to know how else anyone could obtain knowledge about this kind of film since the majesty of the fans (like Asherman) are intent on keeping the study of horror films on the level of a pre-adolescent.

"The real mistakes are in the fetus," says Asherman. Oh come on! Mr. Asherman had better learn that not

everyone selects *Classmate Illustrated* rather than the real book, so not even everyone reads as superficially as does the average student. The reason is not because they are supplementing their education with the book, but because it is so good. I don't believe that anyone could use subjective adjectivalness like this to describe a book. The book is so good, then read *Classmate's* book but don't knock a book because it doesn't have enough "class" for it. Ascherman's own over-the-top pictures are shown throughout the review in his own generation and lack of concrete evidence. The book is a great example of the Karloff-Mummy picture. Ascherman inaccurately quotes the picture of Karloff as *In-Bo-Too* as "the first of Karloff's great pictures." The book is Karloff. If Ascherman had read the book he would have noted that Douglas does not mean that Karloff played Karloff, but that Karloff played Karloff. The book is so popular under the name of Karloff. This is just another example of the shoddy review that goes throughout the book. The criticism by Ascherman is not a criticism.

I will agree with Asherman that the book does have important failings. For example Douglas in his section describing the Phantom of the Opera admits that he never saw the Lon Chaney version. This is inexcusable. How can he write about a film character if he never saw the definitive version of the film. This is the kind of comment which Asherman should have brought out rather than asking for pictures in a book never designed to carry them.

The understatement of the review is where Asherman writes, "Some attempt is made at giving the background of the monster film." Asherman—three fourths of the book deals with this and it is the avowed purpose of the author to do this. I'm sorry that you found it boring (this brief interlude that is) but it did compose the majority of the book and was the purpose for its being written.

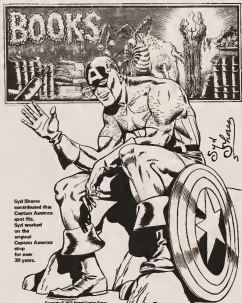
Never does Asherman come up with any standards for criticizing the book, rather intent to ramble around on his own personal riffs. After a misunderstanding and realization that he is not talking to the people who "really dig the monster world," I dig the monster world and I resent your intolerance and prejudiced approach to that world. The book is a collection of tales, and I believe it is because it is a serious study of a field until recently controlled by nostalgia for children. I don't want to go into a sermon on tales, myths and folkloric tales, but I feel that the belief that it is not all comic book heroes and watching a film for the 1,000th time and saying "wow!" Do me a favor Mr. Asherman, next time try to be intelligent. This review is not a rant, it is a review that resulted my intelligence and my hobby.

Bill Fine
Munster, Indiana 46321

If there is one thing that bothers editors more than anything else in the whole world, it's letters that start with, "I know you won't print this," or "I dare you to print this." It's most annoying, and most of these letters don't merit printing anyway. The singular reason that we printed this one was to clarify our review. The book we reviewed was indeed entitled *HORRORS* and was indeed published in England (by John Baker of London).

As far as your comments disagreeing with Mr. Asherman's, that is certainly your opinion and we're printing it here. But please, the next time you write us, don't pre-judge our letters editor. We'd appreciate it.

Send us so many letters, postcards, hoaxes, deflections, bomb threats, etc., that the Post Office will have to deliver our mail with a bulldozer. Address all correspondence to: THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y., 10011.



PHASE I

A BOOK REVIEW

Published by John Carbonaro, Sal
Quaracchia, Editor; Jim Gioiella,
Associate Publisher; Doug Foley,
Associate Editor.

Magulofs of the comic industry are quick to point out that comic books labor under a code of conduct stricter than the one governing the production of "Little Golden Books." What they aren't so eager to point out, however, is that they've done precious little to change this code, circumvent its influence, or even liberate creatively within its restrictions. Since the imposition of the Comics Code in 1954, the types of material comic books have covered is shamefully lackluster, and almost as cowering as "Little Golden Books." Many readers—mainly financial—the comic industry has relied on a boresome combination of antiseptic violence, plodding, breathless adventure and hygienic romances. The working

TNT's Frank Brunner chipped in with a strip entitled the "Sword of Dragons," with a story written by Chuck Robinson.



professionals in the field were always hard-pressed to toe the line, shut their collective mouth and generally refrain from rocking the boat.

And that's what's disappointing about *PHASE* magazine. It was killed from its very inception almost three years ago in its own magazine that would break from its traditional mold, disregard the old restrictions, and in short, "be different." But the magazine's business really wasn't like to do. "If this is the professional's best, then one has to feel a profound amount of pity for them. Not only did they not do what they wanted, in most cases they produced exactly what they churned out for years. I think they should have been creative efforts of Neal Adams, Steve Skeeter, Danny O'Neil and Tom Sutton. *PHASE* would have been a failure. With their work, the book rates as an item that must be obtained, if for no other reason than to see the new direction these men are heading in. COME!

Without a doubt, the most impressive story in the book is an eight page strip by Neal Adams. Adams is a most talented man (some of his stellar work can be seen in *TMT* 4 and 11), a man who is always at odds with the comic book establishment. His work is technically excellent, unusually saleable and simply a joy to behold. But his concepts of comic art are always in conflict with the money men who back the comic industry.

critically acclaimed GREENE
LITERARY/GREEN ARROW
despite, yet he classic latencies on un-
derstandings eventually caused suspension of
the title. You see, kid, if you miss a
deadline it costs the publishers extra
money, and no publisher wants to spend
extra money, especially cause publishers
He also had the annoying habit of
changing Henry O'Neil's stories when he
thought it necessary. He got to be such
glibly to the impetu, that O'Neil was
forced to issue a memo reminding him
sized not to miss deadlines, and not to be

change a writer's copy without permission. [...] There are pencils who take it upon themselves to change the copy without consulting the writers. Not Absolutely not," he wrote in the memo.) Just recently, Adams was taken off two National comic strips for missing more deadlines. The establishment likes Adams' work, but they can't abide by his bizarre working habits.

So it is not strange that a maverick like Adams would flourish in the do-your-thing format of PHASE magazine. His story and art were superb, much too controversial, much too realistic for the comic books which specialize in banality.

Entitled "A View from Without" it relates the tale of an alien report concerning existing conditions on earth. Adams' comments here are perceptive, critically and vigorously opposed to society's injustice, and taking the part of the alien, he focuses on Vietnam. By a unique combination of photographs and comic art, Adams is able to involve the reader in the horrors of Vietnam with frightening reality. The story is so intense, so opinionated, that one can't expect to use a similar story in comic books for years to come. When it's too late.

It might also interest you to know that Adams was also several weeks late on the deadline for "A View from Without." The editors of Phase, Jim Cocciola, Doug Foley and Sal Quaresima, had the good judgment to wait for the story. Creativity finally won out.

One of the other outstanding stories in the book was written by Denny O'Neil



Artist Ken Barz did the impressive cover for PHASE (the side PHASE was Barry Griffith's idea, exclusively—the artist, not the magazine), a vivid depiction of King Arthur's death, in mortal combat with the brutal beasts of Beelzebub at the very Gates of Hell!

Margery Anderson, a DC workhorse for many years, turned in this one-page rendition of a battle between the heroic Jor-El and the diabolical Dermal over the beautiful Lor-El.



(he of the state memo) and drawn by Steve Skates. Entitled "The Coming of the Phoenix" the story is illustrated in almost childish fashion, and at first glance looks especially foolish surrounded by all these other dicky illustrated stories. Part of the reason for the simplistic art is because Skates is not an artist by trade, but a writer. For that reason alone the story is interesting: it's not often two writers get to collaborate on a comic strip without an artist. But the story is quite effective. It concerns an unwanted hero who awakes inexplicably as a giant fish in a tank and we further learn that all of our protagonists have similarly been converted to fish. The story has a philosophical bent that is greatly enhanced by the clever device of transforming people into fish.

Tom Sutton's two-page piece called "The Comic Book Freak" is handled in a humorous manner that belies its serious commentary on comic books. It seems that one Melvin Mednick's greatest desire is to work for comics for a living. Much to his dismay he eventually breaks into the industry, with quite discomforting results. It's a subtly effective story, and does a good job in getting its point across while entertaining the reader at the same time. That comedy has become increasingly rare in today's comic industry.

The other stories in PHASE are nicely delineated, highly competent, but many of stories we've all seen before. MONSTER TIMES contributing artists Frank Brunner, Jeff Jones, Gray Morrow, Mike Kaluta and Ernie Colon all turn in nicely done jobs. Stories by comic writers Wein, Wolfman, Conway (all TMT people) and others are less than exciting.

Generally, PHASE is well-packaged. It's printed on heavy, slick white stock which lends a bit of permanence to the works inside. Comic strips have had to live their whole "live" on cheap newspaper stock, and occasionally it is nice to see comic art on decent paper. It also sports a full color, wrap-around cover



Todd Sutton was responsible for a series strip called the "Comic Book Freak," which traces the fictional adventures of a would-be comic creator named Melvin Mednick.

of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table by famed cartoonist Ken Barz. Mr. Barz's cover work, as well as his interior work, is nicely done, but not really comic art. Both are oil paintings and thus don't qualify, but they are artistically pleasing. The book sports 80 pages, 15 comic strips, 12 full or double page spot drawings and two illustrated text stories. The price is \$3 per copy plus 25c postage from The Old Abandoned Warehouse, P.O. Box 586, Old Chelsea Station, N.Y. 10011.

PHASE is not really what it claims to be and not the magazine that contains work by comic artists doing their own thing. It is, however, an interesting publication that should be read by anyone at all interested in comic art. PHASE may well develop further in the future, but it depends mainly on the professionals to free themselves from the fetters that have inhibited their creative ability. PHASE has proven it is ready to break the traditional mold. All it needs is some talent capable of doing likewise.

—Joe Brain, ABCO



I've got nothing against bananas... in fact, back in Africa, some of my bestest grrl friends were from... it's just that I'm on a diet that can't be pushed too far. In fact, if I have any regrets at all regarding my past behavior, it was the lions I was forced to dispose of during my escape from the dreaded confines of the Golden Safari Night Club.



Continued from page 5

However, all I got is a couple of bananas and a couple of bars from my favorite tune for the effort. With me silenced, it's off to New York we go on a journey that was not without its historical precedents.

Not quite receiving a ticker-tape parade befitting the conquering hero, I was instead shuttled off to the swank Golden Safari nightclub for my debut. The theater was jam-packed, I must admit. As for the audience, well, I guess they weren't too bad considering how foolish I seemed standing there, holding up over my head a huge platform upon which sat my master playing a keyboard rendition of my favorite song, *Beautiful Dreamer*! However, with each successive week, the indignities became increasingly difficult to bear. For instance, take this asinine bag-of-war contest staged between yours truly and a collection of ten supposedly superior human specimens. I cried mismatch, but they wouldn't listen. Even on my worst days I could handle such a task, with scarcely more than a finger's effort. What a group! Ranging from Max the Iron Man, a squat little dump of hard whose feats of strength included bending a tiny sliver of steel (*big deal!*) to "The Swedish Angel," a bald-headed

moon capable of breaking wooden beams with his cranium (*big deal!*) to Primo Camera, a most fatigued, pathetic-looking ex-heavyweight champion of the world. Like I said, no sweat at all. However, that Camera fella did get me riled. Said something about my taste in music. I couldn't let him get away with that, could I...? Still, that was nothing compared with what transpired next. Oh! The indignity of it all!

MAKING A MONKEY OUT OF MIGHTY JOE

It began innocuously enough with this truly preposterous gimmick of O'Hara's to dress me up as an organ grinder's monkey and beset the audience to toss over to the stage cash handouts which I could catch in a little cup. Now, I ask you, ain't that a cute one? Somehow, I managed to put up



Speaking of the Golden Safari, all I can say is "Night Out" whenever I think of the shenanigans I went through that summer, especially the day of stupidity. First I was a slave for the Temperance Movement by working over a trio of obnoxious alcoholics, then I rescued the entire building to a stack of broken beer. Now that's what I call a good show!

with it—at least until these boozed-up jokers, obviously incensed at the high price of admission (and I can't say I really blame them) decided to play some mean monkeyshines on me. Instead of tossing over lettuce, they hurled over their lost unused bottle, and it hit me smack in the head. Furious, I bellowed with rage until the curtains were drawn on me before I could make it curtains for them. Lucky enough to escape my wrath for now, they still could not leave well enough alone and decided to pay me a visit back stage. At first I thought it might be autograph hunters. No such luck. Wobbling over to my cage, yes, cage! The indignity of it!, they proceeded to indoctrinate me in the ways of the alcoholic. They referred to this here stuff as rheumatism medicine. But I know better. Actually, it tasted pretty good. Maybe these weren't such bad fellas after all.

It wasn't till a few minutes later that I realized the folly of that last statement. Annoyed with me for supposedly having finished their last bottle, one of these ruses proceeded to burn my index finger with his cigarette lighter. And that's one thing he definitely shouldn't have done. Smashing through the flimsy bars of my cage, I first disposed of my newfound "friends," and then made a wreckage of the Golden Safari. It was simply apocalyptic, the panic I created... people desperately stepping over one another in their haste to escape. Unfortunately, I was also forced to deal severely with several lions that had escaped their confines during the ruckus. Finally, the police were called in, and I was eventually carted off to jail.

While awaiting verdict as to whether or not I should be allowed to live (weep), my master and Tex arranged for my escape. Even O'Hara, trying to purge himself of guilt, helped out. The plan was to secretly smuggle me out of the country, and with me hiding in the back of a huge truck, we were comfortably on our way when we came upon the sight of this burning orphanage! All sweetness and light, my master decides we must stop and help out, even if it means risking capture again. And, good guy that I am, I actively help by

Here's another shocking portrait of a gross gorilla that was meant to represent yours truly. First off, there is no scene in the movie that even vaguely corresponds to the forward image rendered here. Secondly, I've never operated the kind of patchy that they put on this penciled gorilla. And if you don't believe me, you can look it up!





Here I am writing a heroic poem, recapturing the last thoughts I felt upon the burning orphanage, but who should be waiting for me down below? A embarrassing observation? No, a gang of kids looking! It's a sad day when an ape of my stature is lectured by a classroom full!

scaling the orphanage via a convenient tree, and reaching in to rescue children from the flames. Down I come now, the building in the throes of destruction, and the apparently last remaining child securely in my grip when... (here we go again!) a cry from above, and still one more child left—a little girl who has miraculously eluded my 20-20 vision. Does he or doesn't he? I do and damn near kill myself in the process, the tree tumbling down to the earth with the final wreckage of the building. Still, I have managed to save myself and the girl. But, now look out, the police have caught up with us.

It all ends up happily though,

with the three of us back home in Africa... myself, my master, and Tex. I told you he was looking at her kind of funny.

NICE APES FINISH LAST

So, there you have it: the autobiography of a real patsy. I guess the moral of this story is nice guys finish last. Not that I'm complaining, but let's look at the facts. What sort of glamour did I receive? I fought lions instead of dinosaurs... why? Because the budget couldn't afford it. I didn't get to romance the girl... why? Because I'm too "civilized." I'm even only 12' tall, not 30' (like you know who)... why? Well, I guess



I must admit that I experienced a bit of confusion in the past, I guess what with the flames around me and the cops below, but fortunately all concluded happily.

that's biological. I get to climb a six-story orphanage (and a burning one at that), not the Empire State Building... why? Because it's already been done, and because, like I said before, I'm a good guy. Come to think of it, that's right, I am a pretty good guy. Not everybody would have done what I did. So what if I didn't get to climb the Empire State Building. At least I didn't get shot off either....

Thanks a lot, everybody, for letting me speak my piece. I feel a lot better now, and think I'll be returning home now before I inadvertently wreck anymore damage to this pathetically fragile little studio.

ATTENTION: MONSTER MANIACS

Are you having problems finding THE MONSTER TIMES at your local newsstand? Does your blood boil every time you find that nice copy sold out? Do friends and neighbors ask their tales into you because they can't get copies of their own?

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the
FAN FAIR

THE MONSTER TIMES FAN FAIR is another reader service of MT. Care to buy, sell or trade movie stills, old comics or tapes of old radio programs? Or maybe buy or advertise a fan-produced magazine? An ad costs only 10 cents per word (minimum 25 words). Make all checks and money orders payable to THE MONSTER TIMES, and mail your clearly printed or typewritten ad on the coupon below, to: THE MONSTER TIMES, Box 595, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011. We reserve the right to refuse ads which would not be deemed appropriate to our publication.

MOVIE POSTERS—PRESSBOOKS—STILLS Actual posters used by movie theaters. Thousands of titles available. Horror and Science-Fiction specialties. Also comic programs, movie comics, and monster magazines. Fantastic selection of old pressbooks back to early 1900's. CATALOG \$1.00 (refunded with order). THE CINEMA ATTC, Department M2, P.O. Box 7772, Philadelphia, Pa. 19111

Charles Connor, 612 Chestnut Street, Portland, New Jersey 07053. Would like to contact potentially progressive, left, and liberal comic fans. Would like to write, trade, and exchange ideas.

Wanted, Star Trek film clips, original clip only. Special effects preferred. Phenix Enterprises, Transporter, etc. Rm. 10, 2400, 107 Corner Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19103.

Wanted... all 1 sheet Hammer film posters. Also Mad Doctor of Blood Island, Genie Slave... Send your list to... Scott Kelly, 8 Pine Knob Ct., Albany, New York, 12203.

Wanted Original Soundtrack (Phy. Vertigo, THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD, and any story by Helen Wexler) composer Ernie Mannings. I have correspondence from all collectors of same. Also any form of Sulfur Machine. Jim Wrensch, 47 Quinwood Place, San Chit, Long Island, New York 11570.

Fantasy Revuebooks! Wanted to corner, film illustrations, Lincolns, and so on, and almost everything would go for \$1. 1000 E. Forest, Mesa, Ariz. 85203.

Wanted! YELLOW CLAW comics. PUSKYCAT (36¢ Marvel), & SPHIT offshoot No. 1. Contact Gene Holmstein, 44 Advertiser Dr., San Francisco 94133.

PHOTON is the Museum that fans find fabulous! Devoted to the serious study of the fantasy film, each issue contains an 8x10 glossy set. All others. One dollar to Mark Frank, 901 Avenue "C", Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

UNCROVABLE CINEMA, Britain's finest fantasy film magazine is now available to American Subscribers at \$4.00 per copy, and \$2.50 for three issues. Order now from Scott and Erwin Verbitsky, 1517 Beaver Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19149.

Comic books, filmstrips, slides, posters, Big-Little books, books, collections and the Monster Times. Send every "SUNDAY" in the Starline-Hill, 33rd St. & 7th Ave. N.Y.C. 10 AM. to 4 P.M. Advertiser \$1.00.

WANTED—Photos, posters, pressbooks on Japanese monster such as Godzilla, Ghidorah, etc. North Street, 20-204 Montross Dr., San Pedro, Calif. 90732.

WANTED Fly-Monster Super Hero Monster Magazine, Kirby, Ditko etc. Top Photo, Clyde Ward, 44 Tisdale Rd., Scarsdale, New York

Would like to write, trade, and exchange ideas.

COMIC STRIP COLLECTORS! Out of town newspapers—15 different. Sunday comic sections—\$5.00 Send to SHELDOFF, 3133 Clement St., San Diego, Calif. 92117.

The Japanese Fantasy Film Journal. 60¢ a copy. No. 5 available in Japanese. Goro Shumaker, 2345 Georgetown, Tokyo, Ohio 43013. Back issues of JFFJ sold out.

We buy and sell comic: Big Little Books; Moose & Snow Posters; Comic & Movie related collectors' stuff. Sell Send List The Rebel Peddler, P.O. Box 3002 Springfield, Mass. 01101

Wanted! Stills of Harryhausen's Ymer & Cyclops & other creations. Tom Smith, 42 Redford Road, Spotswood, N.J. 08864.

Wanted! Wanted! Wanted! In any condition! The Good, Bad & the Ugly Movie Pressbook and Film & Film Magazine. Mar. 1968. Please write me first Robert Tanaka, 754 44th Avenue, San Francisco, Calif. 94121

WANTED: Posters, photos, Xerox copies, drawings, paintings, GoDolls, Radio, Monkeys, or Ghidra. Send to: Robert Smith, 2 Black Sq. Village, Apt. 12-9, New York, N.Y. 10012.

WANTED: 1 sheet horror or sci-fi posters. FOR SALE: Old monster magazines and Marvels. Ronald Sommerfeldt, 2071 Cornell Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94124.

Most DC and Marvel comics. The world's most monster magazines, paperbacks too. Send Self-addressed stamped envelope to: V. Monville, 14820 R.W. 5 Avenue, Miami, Florida 33146.

Sell, Buy, Trade Old and New Comics, Japanese Movie Posters, 1115 St. Louis Ave., Bronx N.Y. 10472 212-331-4324

E.C.'s wanted. Send your offering list to: Ronald Galt, 5235 Berry Court, Houston, Texas 77017.

Horror, Sci-Fi & Other Film Movie comic for sale. See the Free List. Lee Kaplan, 15671 Highland, Glendale, Calif. 91216.

Enclosed is \$ _____ for my _____ word (minimum 25) classified ad.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

the Monster Times



THE RETURN OF COUNT YORGA

The monster that's back for his twenty-fifth anniversary (coming later this year) is THE RETURN OF COUNT YORGA. One of the reasons he returned was to make sure that he received his membership card, certificate and badge signifying that he is a member in good standing in THE MONSTER TIMES SOCIETY. Read all about the infamous Count on Page 16... and how YORGA has ended with Yorga in THE MONSTER TIMES SOCIETY... you'll find all the denigrated details on Page 17. Other friends and foes of THE SOCIETY, be sure to see this issue for MIGHTY JOE YOUNG, DR. PHIBBS, GHOSTBEE, Vincent Price, Michael (aka La) professor of "comic book" and a whole hostful of perverse pulp monsters. And remember: THE MONSTER TIMES SOCIETY Needs Your Help. Won't You Give?

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